

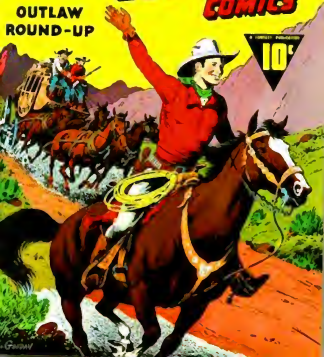
No. 6—March 10

GENE AUTRY

COMICS

OUTLAW
ROUND-UP

A COMICS PUBLICATION
10¢



GENE AUTRY

Outlaw ROUNDUP

RECEIVING WORD THAT
RANCHER RUSTY WAYNE
KNOWS SOMETHING
ABOUT THE FANCHER-
T GANG'S HIDE-OUT, GENE
AUTRY SPURS TOWARD
THE R-HANGING W —

WAYNE'S SPREAD LIES
JUST OVER THIS RISE,
CHAMP! I SURE HOPE
THIS ISN'T ANOTHER
WILD GOOSE CHASE!

GUNSHOTS! SOUNDS LIKE
WAYNE MIGHT BE HAVIN'
TROUBLE!

GOT HIM,
WASHER!

YEOW!

WHERE'D THAT
GENT COME
FROM?

SEARCH ME!
HOLD HIM OFF
TILL I GIT
THESE CRITTERS
OUT O' HERE!

JOE RETURNS GENE'S FIRE.



AND GENE'S GUN ANSWERS.



REIN UP, DROPPED YOUR GUN
AN' REACH, MISTER! I GOT
YOU COVERED!



AUTRY! WELL NOW, IF
THIS AIN'T JUST
SWELL!



KEEP GOIN', BOYS!
I'LL BE WITH YOU SOON
AS I TAKE CARE O'
THIS HERE NOSEY
PACKED!



IVE GOT BAD NEWS FOR YOU, DAKOTA! YOUR BOYS MUFFED THAT TRAIN ROBBERY A COUPLA HOURS AGO!

I KNOW! I WAS THERE! FIGGERED WE OUGHTA TAKE SOMETHIN' BACK TO TH' BOSS —



SO MEN TH' BOYS DECIDED TO BORRY A FEW O' WAYNE'S CONS! THAT BEEF TASTES NIGHTY GOOD WHEN IT AIN'T PAID FER!



I HAD TO WING ONE O' WAYNE'S BOYS! JEST SMASHED HIS ARM UP A LITTLE!

DID YOU KILL WAYNE?



NAW! HE'S INSIDE! HE AIN'T HURT BAD BUT HE'LL SHORE HAVE A HEADACHE FER A COUPLA DAYS! NAW! NAW!



GOOD GRIEF! GENE AUTREY WITH HIS HANDS UP! SOMEBODY'S HOLDIN' A GUN ON HIM!



WELL, I GOTTA BE
HOSBYIN', AUNTIE!
GOT ANY LAST
WORDS?



YES, WHAT GOOD WILL
IT DO YOU TO KILL ME?



MAYBE 'TWO'NT DO ME NO
GOOD, AUNTIE, BUT IT'LL GIVE
ME A HEAD O' SATISFACTION!



LIKE THIS
GIVES ME!



YIP!



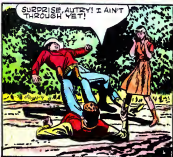
THE TWO MEN GO DOWN, FIGHTING
FOR THEIR LIVES!



DROP IT, DAKOTA!
DROP IT!



SURPRISE, AUNTIE! I AMN'T
THROUGH YET!



FACT IS, YOU'RE TH' ONE
THAT'S ALL FINISHED!



DON'T SQUEEZE THAT TRIGGER,
MISTER, OR I'LL LET DAYLIGHT
THROUGH YOU!



THANKS, POLLY! I GUESS
DAKOTA WON'T BE NEEDIN'
THIS GUN ANY MORE!



WHERE'S MY BROTHER,
RUSTY, MISTER AUTREY?
DID THEY HURT HIM?



THIS COVOTE TALKED LIKE
RUSTY WAYNE'S BEEN
KNOCKED OUT!



I'LL BE IN AS SOON AS I TIE
UP THIS ORNERY HISHBINDER!



JOE! THAT CONDOKE'S
GOT TH' DROP ON
DAKOTA! WE
BETTER GO
DOWN AN'—

AN' GIT A
DOSE O' LEAD!
THAT HOMBRE'S
GONE AUTREY!
I AIN'T TRADIN'
LEAD WITH HIM!



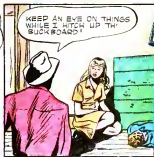
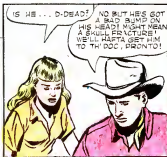
RESCUIN' DAKOTA'S
A JOB FER TH' BOSS!
C'MON!

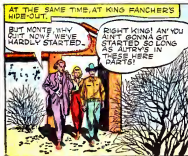
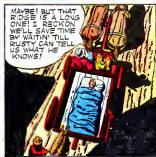
BUT THESE
STEERS ...



TO BLAZES
WITH 'EM! I'D
RATHER SAVE
MY OWN SKIN!







STAY, MONTE, AND I'LL GIVE YOU ANOTHER TWO THOUSAND! AS SOON AS THE BOYS GET BACK WITH THE RAILROAD PAYROLL CASH!



YOU WON'T HAVE LONG TO WAIT, MONTE! THERE'S JOE AN' WASHIE NOW! THE OTHERS'RE PROBABLY CLOSE BEHIND!



HEY, BOSS! ROUNDED UP TH' BOYS! WE GOTTA WORK FAST!

JOE! YOU'RE HURT! WHAT WENT WRONG?



IT'S JUST A SCRATCH! AUTRY BUSTED UP TH' PAYROLL ROBBERY AN' NABBED LEFTY AN' CHUCK!

AN' THEN HE GRABBED DAKOTA AT WAYNES RANCH! PROBABLY GONNA TAKE HIM TO TH' SILVERTID JAIL!



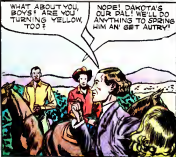
NOT IF I CAN HOLD IT! GET THE BOYS, MONTE! WE'LL TAKE THE SHORT CUT AND—

NOT ME, KING!



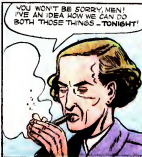
I'LL GET TH BOYS ALL RIGHT! BUT WE AIN'T HEADING NO PLACE BUT BACK TO TH' CHEROKEE STRIP!





WHAT ABOUT YOU, BOYS? ARE YOU TURNING YELLOW, TOO?

NOPE! DAKOTA'S OUR PAL! WE'LL DO ANYTHING TO SPRING HIM AN' GET ANTRY!



YOU WON'T BE SORRY, MEN! I'VE AN IDEA HOW WE CAN DO BOTH THOSE THINGS - TONIGHT!



HAVE YOU ANY IDEA HOW LONG RUSTY MAY BE OUT, DOC?

ONLY TIME CAN ANSWER THAT! IF HIS SKULL ISN'T FRACTURED, HE SHOULD BE OKAY IN A DAY OR TWO!



LET ME KNOW THE MINUTE HE COMES TO! I'VE GOT SOME QUESTIONS TO ASK HIM!

RIGHT, GENE!



GENE RETURNS TO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

RUSTY'S STILL OUT, JIM! AN' DOC DOESN'T KNOW WHEN HE'LL BE ABLE TO TALK!

THAT IS A BAD BREAK! BUT I THINK I'LL ROUND UP SOME O' TH' BOYS -

AN' HAVE A LOOK-SEE
ALONG MUSKRAT RIDGE
IN TH' MORNIN'! MAYBE
WE'LL TURN UP SOMETHIN'!



GO AHEAD! I'LL WAIT HERE
AN' WATCH TH' JAIL FOR
YOU! BY TH' WAY, WHERE'S
FLAPJACK?

HE'S EATIN'
BOSTON BAKED
BEANS WITH
THAT OLD MAID,
ELVIRA DRIBBLE!
BET SHE'S SETTIN'
HER CAP
FOR HIM!



A LOT O' GOOD IT'LL DO
HER! FLAPJACK'S SO
SCARED O' MATRIMONY,
JUST MENTIONIN' IT
GIVES HIM TH' SHAKES!



WAIT HERE WHILE
I HAVE A LOOK
AROUND!

OKAY, KING! BUT
MAKE IT SNAPPY!
WE MIGHT BE
SPOTTED ANY
MINUTE!

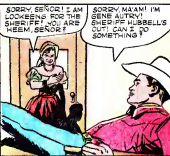


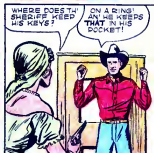
AUTREY! LOOKS LIKE
HE'S ALONE, TOO!
THIS IS LUCK!



SORRY, SENOR! I AM
LOOKEENS FOR THE
SHERIFF! YOU ARE
HEEM, SENOR?

SORRY, MA'AM! I'M
GENE AUTREY!
SHERIFF HUSBELL'S
OUT! CAN I DO
SOMETHING?







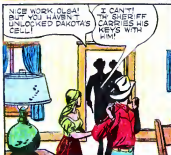
OLGA! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU'N THAT SETUP! WHERE'S KING? ARE YOU SPRINGIN' ME? WHAT—

HOLD IT, DAKOTA! THIS IS NO TIME FOR GABBIN'!



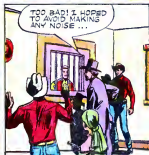
IT'S TIME, BOYS! OLGA'S PROBABLY FREED DAKOTA BY NOW! JOE, YOU COME WITH ME! HASHER, YOU STAY AS LOOKOUT!

OKAY, BOSS!



NICE WORK, OLGA! BUT YOU HAVEN'T UNLOCKED DAKOTA'S CELL!

I CAN'T! THE SHERIFF CARRIES HIS KEYS WITH HIM!



TOO BAD! I HOPED TO AVOID MAKING ANY NOISE ...



BUT I GUESS IT CAN'T BE HELPED!



NOW, LET'S CLEAR OUT OF HERE! THAT SHOT MUST HAVE BEEN HEARD AND—

SO A SECOND ONE WON'T MATTER! ONLY THIS ONE'LL BE SPECIAL FOR AUTRY! OKAY, BOSS?



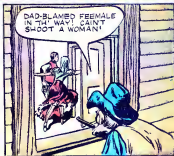
AS OLGA WHIRLS ON FLADJACK, KING FANCHER DASHES FOR THE DOOR.



GENE TRIES TO STOP FANCHER.



BUT DAKOTA INTERFERES!





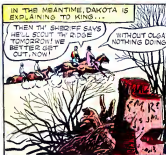


GENE! COME QUICKLY!
RUSTY'S AWAKE AND
HE WANTS TO SEE
YOU!

THAT DOES
DOUBLE! FLAPJACK,
YOU STAY HERE AND
KEEP AN EYE ON
OLGA!



SHORE WILL, GENE! WON'T
LET HER TRICK ME,
NEITHER!



IN THE MEANTIME, DAKOTA IS
EXPLAINING TO KING...

THEN THE SHERIFF SAYS
HE'LL SCOUT THE RIDGE
TOMORROW! WE
BETTER GET
OUT, NOW!

WITHOUT OLGA!
NOTHING DOING!



WE'LL GO TO THE
RIDGE, GET THE
CASH AND THERE
AND HIDE UP IN
THE SECRET
HIDE-OUT TILL
WE RESCUE
OLGA!

SUPPOSIN' SHE
MAKES A GITAWAY
ON HER OWN!
SHE'S SMART
ENOUGH TO
DO IT!



SHE'LL COME TO THE
SECRET HIDE-OUT! WE
ARRANGED THAT IN
CASE SOMETHING WENT
WRONG! I GAVE HER A
MAP!



LATER THAT NIGHT,

THEY GOT
CLEAR
AWAY!
WHAT'S
NEW
HERE?

RUSTY CAME
TO! SAYS
FANCHER'S
HIDED UP IN
A CANYON ON
MUSKRAT
RIDGE!



THE ENTRANCE IS
HID BY A GATE FIXED
UP TO LOOK LIKE A
ROCK WALL! HE SAYS
HE SAW FIVE MEN RIDE
OUTA THERE THIS
MORNIN'...



I'M GLAD I DON'T HAVE TO DRESS LIKE THIS EVERY DAY! ... SAY! THERE'S SOMETHING IN THIS POCKET!



IT'S A MAP! AN' I BET IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE FANCHER GANG!



WHY I KNOW THIS PLACE! IT'S NOT FAR FROM OUR RANCH!



I'LL HOLD MYSELF TO ONE OF DOC'S GUNS AN' A HORSE AN' GO UP THERE! MAYBE I'LL FIND AN IMPORTANT CLUE, OR SOMETHING!



A LITTLE LATER ON MUSKRAT RIDGE...

THIS DON'T LOOK LIKE NO GATE TO ME, GENE!

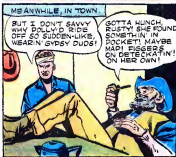
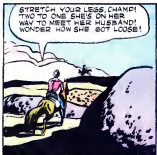
I'M SURE IT IS, THOUGH, JIM! THIS IS TH PLACE RUSTY DESCRIBED!



I'LL BE HANGED! THAT'S SURE CLEVER! FUNNY, THERE'S NO GUARD AROUND!

I GOT A HUNCH OUR BIRDS ARE FLOWN! BUT KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN AN' GUNS HANDY, JUST IN CASE!





BUT YUH CAIN'T
MANHANDLE A
FEMALE, RUSTY!

I DON'T AIM TO!
I'LL JUST UP AN'
SHOOT HER IF
SHE CLAMS UP!



OUT ON MUSKRAT RIDGE.

I'M SURE PUZZLED! GENE'S
PLUMB DISAPPEARED! RECKON
WE'LL HEAD OUT O' HERE AN'
SCOUT AROUND FOR HIM!



SO THE POSSE LEAVES THE
HIDDEN CANYON.



AND, A FEW MINUTES LATER.

LOOK, SHERIFF!
A RIDER!

GREAT GUNS!
IT'S FLAPJACK!
SOMETHIN'
MUST BE
WRONG!



HEY, FLAPJACK!
WAIT! WHAT'S
UP!

PLENTY! GOT NO
TIME FER GABBIN',
THOUGH! FOLLER ME!
TELL YUH ON WAY!



AT THE SAME MOMENT.

GUESS I'D BETTER
GO ON FOOT FROM
HERE!





OLGA! HOW IN BLAZES...







"CHAMPEEN" BEAN SHOOTER

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Sam Kent climbed into the buckboard and picked up the reins. Then he looked down at his two young sons standing alongside the wagon. "Mebbe I ought to stay till Chuck an' Tom get back," he said frowning slightly. "They prob'ly won't show up till after dark."

Dick grinned at his father. "Shucks, Pa, we'll be okay."

Bobby nodded violent agreement. "Besides, if you don't go now, Pa, you won't get to Cascade in time to meet Mom . . . an' she'll maybe think somethin's wrong . . . an' —"

"Aw, dry up!" Dick interrupted, giving his younger brother a half-playful, half-serious push. He looked back at his father. "Don't worry 'bout us, Pa. If anybody was to show up an' start somethin', reckon I'm big enough to give 'em an argument."

A faint smile curved Sam's lips. Dick WAS big. Brawny, too. Looked a heap sight older than fifteen.

"An' I ain't so AWFUL little," Bobby piped up. "I betcha I could sure do a lotta damage with this li'l ol' bean-shooter." He swished the metal tube through the air. "I'm a champeen—"

"Quiet! I!"

This time there was no playfulness in the shove Dick gave Bobby. The ten-year-old went off-balance to sprawl in the dust of the ranch road. Sharp words of reproach rose to Sam's lips, but he held them back when he saw that Bobby was on his feet again almost immediately and was looking at Dick with abvious pride.

"Gosh, Dick, you're stronger'n Pa, I betcha!" Bobby's voice was chockful of admiration.

Dick squared his shoulders. "Nai yet, I ain't—but I'm strong enough to make you toe the mark. An' to look out for the stock an' such, too."

Sam pulled the reins taut. "Sure you are, Dick. I got a heap o' faith in—" he included Bobby in his smile and words—"in both o' you. Tell Chuck and Tom I said for them to sleep in the house tonight. Mom an' I'll be out early tomorrow mornin'. She'll need a mile o' restin' after her long trip." He clucked to the roan and the buckboard started to roll. Above the rattle of its wheels, he called a last admonition: "If you spot the Utah Kid, don't try to capture him. Just let him take what he wants an' go on his way."

"Who's the Utah Kid?" Bobby fitted a bean into the shooter and let fly at a distant fence post.

"Gosh, Bobby," Dick said, "I wish you'd lose that darned bean-shooter. Ping—spang—bing! All day long."

Bobby shrugged. "I like to shoot bears."

"That shows you're a dumb ox," declared Dick.

"I aint," Bobby frowned. "You are! You didn't tell me who's the Utah Kid."

"The Utah Kid's a plenty bad ham-bre. He robbed the express company over at Gopher Ridge two days ago an' killed the agent. There's a big reward out for him, an' some talk that he's headed this way."

"You mean he's headed here."

"Course not. We've got nothin' he'd want."

"We got food," suggested Bobby, "an' horses."

Dick started toward the barn. "So

has every other ranch. There ain't but one chance in a hundred the Utah Kid'll pick on ours if he gets hungry or needs a fresh mount."

But the Utah Kid did just that. Bobby and Dick were finishing supper when he bulked large and dust-stained and belligerent in the back door, the waning sun glinting on an ugly six gun in his right hand.

"Don't make no noise," he growled, coming an into the kitchen.

"Nobody'd hear us if we did," said Bobby before Dick could catch his breath. "We're alone here."

The big man lost some of his tenseness. "Wal, ain't that swell? Meet th' Utah Kid, boys."

"Howdy," said Bobby. "I'm Bobby Kent an' he's Dick an'—"

"Shut up!" snapped Dick. "What do you want, mister?"

With his free hand, the Utah Kid pulled out a chair. "Grub!" he barked, sitting down. "Some tuh eat here an' some more tuh pack with me. Then I'll take that point horse in th' corral—"

"You mean Calico?" interrupted Bobby, giving Dick a sharp, sidelong glance. "That's Dick's horse." He gave Dick another sharp look. This time, Dick caught its meaning. Very slowly, he began to push his chair away from the table.

Crash! Under cover of Bobby's chattering, Dick had tilted the table toward the outlaw. The Kid was falling backward, but he did not hit the floor. Like a cat, he landed on his feet. His gun came up, but Dick was smashing a hard right into his stomach so he could not pull the trigger. The gun clattered to the floor. The Kid's big fists lashed out as Dick closed in. Bobby crouched against the stove. No use trying to reach the Kid's gun. But maybe he could do something . . .

Two minutes later, Dick was still on his feet but Bobby could see that his legs were wobbling. The outlaw was facing the stove. Bobby slid some beans into the shooter . . . took careful aim.

Sping! The first bean caught the Utah Kid in the right eye. Spang! The second bean found his left eye. He

yowled with rage and pain. Snatching the big iron skillet from the stove, Bobby rushed forward.

"Here, Dick!" he yelled. "Smack him with this!"

When the Utah Kid came to, he was handcuffed and the kitchen was full of passemen. Smiling at Dick and Bobby was a man with a sheriff's star pinned to his coat. He was saying:

"I'm sure glad me'n the posse stopped by to fill up our canteens. Saves you boys from guardin' this polecat till the hands get back."

"Oh, we wouldn't o' minded," said Bobby.

"Your pa an' ma'll be mighty proud o' you," the sheriff continued, "when they hear how you nabbed the Utah Kid an' earned the reward. I still don't figger how you did it."

Dick winked at Bobby with the eye that wasn't blackened. "Teamwork, Sheriff. Bobby's talkin' threw the Kid off guard so's I could dump the table on him. But the beanshooter an' the skillet really did the trick."

Bobby winked back at Dick. "It's lucky I'm a dumb ox of a beanshooter, ain't it, Dick?"

Dick reddened. "I was wrong about that, Bobby . . . and I'm sorry. It takes brains to learn how to shoot beans like that!"

Bobby grinned in happy triumph.



The Jayhawkers

EIGHTY YEARS AGO, JAYHAWKERS HAUNTED THE TRAILS OVER WHICH HERDS WERE DRIVEN NORTH TO THE LIVESTOCK MARKETS. ONE DAY, NEAR THE OLD MISSOURI-INDIAN TERRITORY...

RECKON 'D BETTER SHINE UP MY BADGE, TURK! THAT HERD'LL BE CROSSIN' TH' CREEK AFORE LONG!

AN' THEY'LL BE CHANGIN' OWNERS, TOO!

I SURE HOPE TH' FOLKS WHO VOTED YOU SHERIFF NEVER GIT WISE TO THIS LITTLE GAME!

QUIT WORRYIN'! WE'RE SAFE AS LONG AS THEM DUMB CATTLEMEN KEEP THEIR RESPECT FOR TH' LAW!

LOOK JAKE! THERE'S ONLY TWO RIDERS WITH THIS OUTFIT! THIS'LL BE A GINCH!

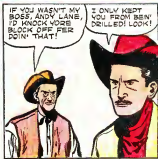
IT'S A GINCH WITH OUR SETUP! LET'S MOVE!

'PEARS LIKE WE GOT COMPANY, ANDY! TOUGH-LOOKIN' BIRDS, TOO!

YEAH, GILLIE, THEY LOOK JUST LIKE JAYHAWKERS! BUT THAT BREED O' OWLHOOT USUALLY RUNS IN PACKS - NOT PAIRS!

WELL, THEY WON'T GIT THEIR PAWS ON THESE STEERS! NOT WHILE I CAN SQUEEZE A TRIGGER!

HOLD IT, GILLIE! THEM HOMBRES ARE LAWMEN!



TOO BAD! I WAS
HANKERIN' FOR
SOME TARGET
PRACTICE!



SORRY, SHERIFF!
GILLIE WON'T RAISE
NO MORE BUCKS!
'SPECIALLY SINCE
YOU'RE ONLY DOIN'
YOUR DUTY!

GLAD YOU FEEL
LIKE THAT,
LANE! GUESS
WE WON'T HAFTA
HANDCUFF
YOU!



NOW ME'N MY DEPUTY'LL
RUN TH' HERD INTO
THAT BOX CANYON,
YONDER!



RECKON I'M PLUMB
LOCO, ANDY! THAT
LORDON CROOK
WAS TRYIN' TO
MAKE ME SHOOT.
WARNT HE?

RIGHT! IT'S A
JAYHAWK IN TRICK!
MAKE YOU MAD,
THEN BLAST YOU
DOWN FOR
RESISTIN'!



GOONNA STAND BY
AN' LET 'EM STEAL
OUR HERD, ANDY?

NO! I GOT A
IDEA...



AS JAKE AND TURK HERD THE
CATTLE INTO THE CANYON, ANDY
OUTLINES HIS PLAN...

IT'S WUTH TRYIN' ANDY!
BUT WATCH YOUR STEP!
THEM JASPERS ARE
KILLERS!

DON'T WORRY
'BOUT IT,
GILLIE! I'LL
WORK!





A FEW MINUTES LATER

I'LL ONLY GET ONE CHANSET
AT THIS! GOTTA MAKE IT
GOOD!



WHAT TH'--!

YOU'LL GO TO JAIL FOR LIFE!
OBSTRUCTIN'
A LAWMAN IN
TH' LINE O'
DUTY!

I AINT
WORRIED!



LATER

CAN'T YOU PROD UP
THAT CAYUSE, LANE?
HE'S SITTIN' SLOWER
BY TH' MILE!

WE'S TIRED! AN
HE'S THIRSTY,
TOO! CAN'T WE
STOP A
MINUTE?



I'D LIKE TO GET
TO LONGHORN
AFORE SUNDOWN!

MAYBE YOU
WILL, SHERIFF...



... IF IT AIN'T
TOO FAR TO
WALK!



MOVE, BOY!

GOSH, SHERIFF! LOOKIT
YOUR 'PONY TRAVEL!
YOU OUSHTA RACE HIM
AT TH' COUNTY FAIR!

YOU—
YOU—!

IF I EVER GET
MY HANDS ON
YOU!

TAKE IT EASY,
SHERIFF!
REMEMBER! A
MITE O' BATHIN'
NEVER HURT
NOBODY!

ANDY RACES BACK TO MEET AND
TRADE STORIES WITH GILLIE.

AN' THAT'S ALL THERE
WUZ TO IT, ANDY! THE
HERD'S READY TO GO!
JEST WAITIN' FOR
YOU TO GIT BACK!

GOOD! LET'S
HEAD 'EM
ACROSS TH'
LINE, PRONTO!
WE'LL LEAVE
TURK HERE!

A LITTLE LATER.

WELL, GILLIE, THIS
IS ONE HERD THEM
CROOKS WON'T BE
STEALIN'!

TH' CONNERY
COYOTES!
PULLIN' THAT
TEXAS FEVER
SCARE SO'S THEY
COULD STEAL
OUR HERD!

LET'S SHOVE 'EM,
GILLIE! I WANTA
GIT TH' U.S. MARSHAL
AFTER THEM BIRDS!

YEP! AN' WITH
HIM ON TH' JOB
THERE WON'T
BE NO MORE
JAYHAWKIN'
IN THIS NECK
O' TH' WOODS!